

A

Pindarique Ode

ON THE

D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

T H O M A S

E A R L of

O S S O R Y.

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By *Thomas Flatman*, Esq;

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*Amotum ex oculis querimus invidi.* Horat.

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*Stanza. I.*

NO more ! — Alas that bitter word, *No more !*  
 The Great, the Just, the Generous, the Kind,  
 The universal Darling of Mankind,  
 The Noble *Ossory* is now *No more !*  
 The Mighty Man is fall'n—  
 From Glory's lofty Pinacle ;  
 Meanly like one of Us He fell,

Not

Not in the hot pursuit of Victory,  
 As Gallant Men would chuse to dy ;  
 But tamely like a poor Plebeian, from his Bed  
 To the dark Grave a Captive led ;  
 Emasculating Sighs and Groans around,  
 His Friends in floods of Sorrow drown'd ;  
 His awful Truncheon, and bright Arms laid by,  
 He bow'd his glorious Head to Destiny.

## II.

Celestial Powers, how unconcern'd you are ?  
 No black Eclipse, or Blazing-Star  
 Presag'd the Death of this Illustrious Man,  
 No Deluge, no, nor Hurricane ;  
 In her old wonted course Nature went on,  
 As if some common thing were done,  
 One single Victim to Deaths Altar come,  
 And not in *OSSORY* an whole Hecatombe.  
 Yet, when the Founder of Old *Rome* expir'd,  
 When the *Pellæan* Youth resign'd his breath,  
 And when the great *Dictator* stoop't to Death,  
 Nature and all her Faculties retir'd ;  
 Amaz'd she started when amaz'd she saw  
 The breaches of her ancient Fundamental Law,  
 Which kept the World in aw ;

For men less brave than Him, her very Heart did ake,  
 The labouring Earth did quake,  
 And Trees their fixt Foundations did forsake;  
 Nature in some prodigious way  
 Gave notice of their fatal Day.  
 Those lesser Griefs with pain she thus exprest,  
 This did confound; and overwhelm her Brest.

## III.

Shrink ye *Crown'd Heads*, that think your selves secure,  
 And from your mouldring Thrones look down,  
 Your greatness cannot long endure,  
 The *King of Terrors* claims you for his own;  
 You are but Tributaries to his dreadful Crown.  
 Renown'd, Serene, Imperial, most August,  
 Are only high and mighty Epithets for Dust.  
 In vain, in vain so high  
 Our tow'ring expectations flie,  
 Whileth' Blossoms of our hopes, so fresh, so gay,  
 Appear, and promise Fruit, then fade away.  
 From valiant *OSSORYS* ever Loyal Hands,  
 What did we not believe?  
 We dream't of yet unconquer'd Lands  
 He to his *Prince* could give,  
 And neighbouring Crowns retrieve;  
 Expected that he would in Triumph come  
 Laden with Spoils, and *Affrick* Banners home,

B

As

As if an *Hero's* years  
Were as unbounded as our fond Desires.

## I V.

Lament, Lament, you that dare *Honour* love,  
And court her at a Noble rate  
(Your Prowess to approve,)
 That dare religiously upon *Her* wait,  
And blush not to be Good, when you grow Great,  
Such Mourners suit *His* Vertue, and *His* State.  
And you, brave Souls, who for your Country's good  
Did wond'rous things in Fields, and Seas of Blood,  
Lament th' undaunted Chief that led you on ;  
Whose exemplary Courage could inspire  
The most degenerate Heart, with Martial-English Fire.  
Your bleeding Wounds who shall hereafter dress  
With an indulgent tenderness ;  
Touch't with a melting Sympathy,  
Who shall your Wants supply ?  
Since He, your good *Samaritan* is gone.  
O Charity ! thou richest Boon of Heaven,  
To Man, in pity given !  
(For when well meaning Mortals give,  
The Poor's, and their own Bowels they relieve ;)  
Thou mak'st us with alacrity to Dy,  
Mis't and bewail'd like Thee large-hearted *OSSORT*.



## V.

Arise ye blest Inhabitants Above,  
 From your Immortal Seats Arise,  
 And on our Wonder, on our Love  
 Gaze with astonish't Eyes.  
 Arise! Arise! make roome,  
 Th' exalted shade is come.

See where He comes! what Princely Port He bears!  
 How God-like He appears!

His shining Temples round  
 With Wreaths of everlasting Lawrels bound!  
 As from the bloody Field of *Mons* He came,  
 Where He out fought th' Hyperbolies of Fame.  
 See how the Guardian Angel of our Isle  
 Receiv's the Deifi'd Champion with a Smile!

Welcome the Guardian Angel say's  
 Full of Songs of Joy and Praise,  
 Welcome Thou art to me,  
 And to these Regions of Serenitie!

Welcome the Winged Quire resounds,  
 While with loud *Euge's* all the Sacred Place abounds.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

The first of these is the  
 fact that the world is not  
 a perfect machine. It is a  
 machine, but it is a machine  
 that is not perfect. It is a  
 machine that is made of  
 many parts, and these parts  
 are not always working  
 together. This is why we  
 have so many problems in  
 the world. We have so many  
 things that are not working  
 as they should. This is why  
 we have so many wars and  
 so much suffering. This is  
 why we have so much poverty  
 and so much disease. This is  
 why we have so much crime  
 and so much corruption. This  
 is why we have so much  
 misery and so much pain.

THE END